INTRODUCING A HERO AND A PIRATE

ROBERT FLAKEY CRUST.

Readers, this is Robert on the left. He is the hero. This, on the right, is Flakey Crust, the pirate. Readers, Robert. Readers, Flakey Crust. Robert and Flakey Crust, the Readers. Consider yourselves introduced.

Now, what is it all about? Oh, it is adventure on the sea, the kind that is full of breathless interest, interest so breathless it can hardly keep from suffocating. It will be in 13 chapters, and will begin in The Star tomorrow, with a picture for each chapter. If you like pirate stories—and you do—you will enjoy this story. It is a surpassing story, surpassing like coffee; and a veracious one, veracious like a fish story. It is a funny story, funny as a circus parade.

The story is called "Enslaved by a Pirate; or, Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.

Characters.

Flakey Crust, a pirate.

Robert, a boy.

Pirates, prisoners, passengers, persons and people.

Time—Once upon.

Place—The Spanish Main, mally.

Watch for it, read it, and see which gets the more surprises—you or the hero.

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or, Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Headed Rovers.
BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"TREMBLE," ROARED RUST, DRAWING HIS TRUSTY CUTLASS.

CHAPTER II.

Observing that Robert gave up, the pirates eagerly put out for him in the long boat. At any rate, that's the kind of a boat it seemed to Robert, for it was a long time coming.

It was manned by a richly costumed male chorus. Robert did not know this. Each man Jack of them had a wicked looking knife in his mouth, and he thought they were sword swallowers.

Flakey Crust, the pirate, was pacing the quarterdeck (marked down from 30 cents, positively not more than one to each purchaser). He was indeed a hulking, villainous figure.

"Tremble!" roared Crust, drawing his trusty cutlass, as Robert was led before him. It was a vicious looking weapon with a nail file on the back of it.

"Capt. Crust, I believe?" remarked Robert, admiringly. "I have read of you in the 'Lad's Library of Adventure.'"

"Call me colonel, you lubber!" shouted the pirate, menacingly. "I've been promoted since then."

"I suppose you want me to sign as a member of your criminal crew upon penalty of being hanged to the yardstick?" Robert said, hopefully.

"Bilge my binnacle, I do," said Col. Crust.

"Oh, very well," replied Robert, seeing no alternative—at least not where he could lay his hands on it.

"Well, thimble my rigging," Col. Crust said, menacingly. "You can't matriculate in my Preparatory School for Pirates without a certificate from your school teacher that you're a very good boy."

"Oh," said Robert, "I'll have to go ashore and get it."

Springing overboard, Robert pulled for Salem in his dory.

(To Be Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or, Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.

By F. W. Schaefer.

"HURRY," SAID THE OFFICER. "GET A REFERENCE FROM SOMEBODY."

CHAPTER III.

Confusion, instead of Col. Crust, reigned on board the pirate ship when Robert made his departure so successfully. The villains rushed to the railing and lined it with their hideous faces. One low-browed Lascar aimed a blunderbus at the fugitive. Robert's life was in grave peril, for it was one of those deadly unloaded guns.

"Stay your hand, Bajeejeek," shouted Col. Crust. "Don't shoot, else he may change his mind and come back."

Thus Robert was enabled to reach Salem, where he immediately reported his adventures to a policeman.

"Hurry," said the officer. "Get a reference from somebody or you'll miss your chance to join the evil-doers."

At the city hall Robert told his story, and was showered with congratulations by the mayor and common council. A town meeting was called and Robert was given a rousing farewell, with speeches by the truant officer, songs by the Longshoremen's quartet, and resolutions of respect containing no less than fourteen "Whereases" and seven "Be-It-Resolveds." Armed with an official letter of recommendation, and followed by the other small boys of Salem, all emerald green with envy, Robert was escorted to the docks and put into a motorboat belonging to the walking delegate of the Cod Fishermen's union.

Out in the harbor the "Baby Mine" was seen weighing anchor, but the swift motor boat overhauled her ere she got to sea.

"Well, I'm back," said Robert, exultantly, climbing aboard the pirate ship.

"Curses," muttered Col. Crust.

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or, Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.
By F. W. Schaefer.

"NO, SENOR. ALL DE TREASAIRE EES IN DAVY JUAN'S LOCK-AIRE."

CHAPTER IV.

It was a surely welcome Robert received on board the "Baby Mine."

"Blow my spinnaker, but I've got a good mind to make you walk the plank," growled Col. Crust, as Robert handed him his grip and bade him stow it away.

"I have already done so," said Robert, "on the boardwalk at Atlantic City."

At this the pirates groaned uproariously.

"Say, do you think we'll get much treasure this trip," Robert remarked pleasantly to a scar-faced Portuguese who was polishing a carronade with stove polish.

"No, senor," said the swarthy cutthroat, "all de treasaire ees in Davy Juan's lockaire."

"Dad blast my capstan," Col. Crust chimed in, "it won't be safe even there if I can find a jimmy."

"Ship, ahoy!" yelled the lookout.

"Where away?" cried Robert, glad of a diversion.

"Just port of our leo bow," came the answer. "It's a brig bound for Boston with rum."

A cheer from the bull-necked crew would have made the welkin ring, but it did not. The welkin had a crack in it.

"Wait, men," said Col. Crust, seizing a glass. (Tut, tut, not a glass ofo rum—a spy glass.) "Aha! Blow me if it ain't a cargo of bay rum."

"Aren't we going to capture it?" Robert was quick to ask.

"No, you hammer-headed loon," the pirate answered. "Do you think we are a lot of barbers?"

Looking at their whiskery faces, Robert had to admit that he did not.

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or, Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.
By F. W. Schaefer.

"NOT SICK OF THE SHIP'S MOTION, ARE YOU?" ASKED A KINDLY BARBADOES BLACK.

CHAPTER V.

They were now on the high seas. Some of the seas were higher than others, which made the going rough for Robert, even though he kept next to the rail.

"Not sick of the ship's motion, are you?" asked a kindly Barbadoes black, with a head like a cocoanut.

"Oh, no," Robert responded with a wan smile. "I think it was something I ate."

"You must get on your sea legs," the pirate said.

"I haven't unpacked them yet," our hero answered, at the same time wondering who put rollers under his land legs.

There was only one comfort in it all. Col. Crust, the terror of the Spanish main, was also unwell.

"A sail! A sail!" cried the lookout, from his position on top of the caboose.

"Fire or clearance" asked Col. Crust, feebly.

"Neither. It's the battleship Connecticut," was the happy reply.

"Well, I suppose we've got to capture it?" Col. Crust announced, looking to see if his horse pistols were primed. "Man the nine-pounder."

Onward came the magnificent ship of war, running into danger the same as if there wasn't any.

"Piff!"

It was the nine-pounder that spoke.

The solid iron shot rattled against the side of the Connecticut with a crash resembling the impact of a marble against a tin can. On board her the Jackies could be seen srrubbing the deck, unconscious of their peril. The doomed vessel was sweeping right athwart the course of the Baby Mine.

"Piff!" "Piff!" "Piff!" The nine-pounder repeated its remarks.

By all the rule of pirate lore the American navy should have lost its chief ornament, but the dum dratted thing sailed right on and was lost to sight on the horizon. It never knew what struck it.

"Now what do you think of that?" muttered Capt. Crust, peevishly.

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or, Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.
By F. W. Schaefer.

"SPAT!" ROBERT LET DRIVE HIS RIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.

"Let me ask you, what kind of a pirate ship is this, anyhow?" asked Robert, indignantly, turning to Col. Crust. "Isn't there going to be any gore, or massacre, or sitting on a dead man's chest?"

"Dowse my halyards, but we ain't on the Spanish main yet," Col. Crust said. "Wait till we get on the Spanish main."

"I believe I've been stung," said our hero, frowning. "You've lured me away from home with your group of near-buccaneers, and spoiled my bright future as the town mischief. I've got a mind to bat you in the nose."

"Don't you dare," replied the pirate, drawing back his hand as if to give Robert a sharp slap.

Robert doubled up his flats, which were each the size of a hen's egg, and made dangerous motions with them, as boys do when they are beginning to get ready to commence a fierce combat.

The pirate was game. He put a chip on his shoulder.

"Kn-n-nock it off if you ain't a 'fraid cat."

Robert stepped up and pushed it off the burly shoulder of the sea rover.

"MUTINY! MUTINY!" bellowed Col. Crust. "Up men and at him!"

"Oh, fiddle!" our hero murmured.

With a roar 17 pirates came at him. Then they turned right round and came away again. They could not bear Robert's flashing eye. He made it flash till they were thoroughly cowed.

"Shucks," the pirate chief said in a vexed tone of voice.

Spat! Robert let drive his right and struck Col. Crust a stunning blow. Col. Crust tottered, looked about him speculatively, and fell heavily into a Morris chair.

"Now look what you've done," he said. "Ain't you sorry?"

"Forgive me," said Robert. "I did not mean to kill you."

"Oh, don't mention it," said the pirate glootally. "Don't mind ME."

Robert was equal to the emergency. "Well, I wasn't going to, you know."

(Continued.)

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ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or, Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.
By F. W. Schaefer.

"THE BOS'N HAS JUST CAUGHT A SPANISH MACKEREL," HE SAID.

CHAPTER VII.

"From now on I command this ship!" announced Robert, looking about him like a conqueror, or a backstop trying to locate a high foul.

"Listen, listen!" all the pirates cried. They mean to say "Hear, hear!"

Col. Crust lay in a dejected attitude, swrawling in the Morris chair, his feet cocked comfortably upon a chickencoop.

"Well, I don't care, just so you keep me on the pay roll," he remarked.

"Yes, you can stay on it if you know where one is," our hero told him magnanimously.

"Now, men, for the Spanish main and Spanish gold," shouted Robert.

This was greeted with much satisfaction by the crew. So they sailed and sailed and sailed.

One day a Missourian, named Crawdad, came up to Robert, saluted respectfully and said: "I think we have arrove at the Spanish main."

"What makes you think so?" Robert said kindly.

"The bos'n has just caught a Spanish mackerel."

"Then we ought to sight a galleon presently," the intrepid boy commander observed.

"I hope it will be a galleon with lots of quarts on board," spoke up Col. Crust, who still loved to live up to the traditions of a pirate.

"If so, you can have the quarts, and I will take the pieces of eight and the doubloons," our hero replied with a laugh.

"How about the captives—don't we kill them?" asked a manly looking young pirate with a bright honest face.

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

"SURRENDER!" CRIED OUR HERO.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh, what is the most approved method of disposing of prisoners captured by pirates?" Robert demanded of Col. Crust.

"It is considered very artistic," said the experienced ruffian, "to remove the treasure from the prize, then blow her up with all hands on board. First, of course, we allow the victims to plead for their lives. This is done because, after the explosion, it is too late to have them plead."

"Have you ever done this?"

"Oh, yes, several times. It was a grand success each time, except that the powder would not go off. We lay several miles off waiting for the 'boom' of the explosion, but it did not come. They much have extinguished the fuse, and that is what I call dirty ball."

At this juncture Robert discerned a Spanish schooner coming from the south. The pirate ship Baby Mine hailed her as a prize. Coming alongside of her Robert found her to be the Manana, Capt. Conchas, bound from Honduras to Mobile with fruit. It was with joy that the pirates swarmed over her side. Resistance was useless. Seeing this, the captain and mate did not stop a game of monte they were playing with an unlaundered pack of cards.

"Surrender!" cried Robert, with Col. Crust by his side.

"We have," said the captain, "ten minutes ago."

The pirates therefore took possession of the ship. There were four passengers aboard, who strolled out on deck and inspected the pirates with much interest. The camera fiends among the captives took snapshots right and left, and bemoaned the fact that they were short of films.

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"TARANTULAS!" SCREAMED A MALAY, GOING OVER THE SIDE.

CHAPTER IX.

"Here, you don't know how to cow captives," said Col. Crust, pushing aside Robert. "Watch ME."

"On your marrowbones, lubbers!" he shouted, "before I keel haul youse. Dad swipe my forecastle! What treasure have you in the hold?"

"Nuttin' but bananers," replied the captain of the fruiter, "and they're green."

"Break open them hatches!" shouted Col. Crust to his cruel crew, "and take what you kin get."

With a yell the bloodthirsty buccaneers plunged into the hold. The next moment they plunged out

"Tarantulas!" screamed a Malay, going over the side like a diving elk.

"Tarantulas!" cried the rest of the pirates, including Robert, as the huge spiders swarmed out of the hold.

"We're sorry to see you go," said the captain, the mate and the passengers. "We were just beginning to like you."

It was a dejected bunch of sea terrors that reassembled on the deck of the Baby Mine. They were figuratively and literally stung.

The most bitterly disappointed of all was Robert. Where was the romance of piracy, he wanted to know. Where was the glory? Where were the spoils?

"Take my sword," he said, unbuckling that untarnished ornament, "and put me overboard. I'll get home some way. I want to go back to Salem, where I can play marbles and fly kites and see some excitement again."

Col. Crust was exceedingly mortified.

"Gum blast me, Robert," he said, tears coming into his bloodshot eyes. "Stay with me and I'll show you some pirating yet. I'll promise to take you ashore with me to bury some gold, and leave you on a desert island, if you will."

"Oh, in that case," replied Robert, "I won't go. But mind, you've got to make good or I'll never read another pirate story."

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

THE MALADYS DID EMBROIDERY AND MADE CRAZY QUILTS.

CHAPTER X.

They sailed and they sailed.

While waiting for a desert island to loom up on the starboard bow, Robert engaged himself with studying the sports and the pastimes of the terrors of the Spanish main.

The Lascars spent happy moments stringing vari-colored beads. The two or three Portuguese in the crew formed a mandolin club and played and sang sweetly—if you don't care for sugar.

The Englishmen, Americans and Scotchmen drank to excess. The vessel was heavily stocked with red pop in bottles.

The Maladys did embroidery and made crazy quilts. They accomplished the latter, especially, without the slightest effort.

Col. Crust tried in vain to inveigle Robert into a game of authors.

The conviction was rapidly growing upon Robert that this would not do.

Still, there was hope in his breast when Col. Crust pointed out a little speck of tropical verdure on the horizon.

"There's an uninhabited island. Tonight the moon will be up. I will take you and four of my trusty men to it and bury a chest of treasure. Then I will slay the four men and bury them with it, for the reason that dead men tell no tales, leaving that to the genius who writes dime novels. Does that suit you?"

It did. Robert had schooled himself to believe that in pirate life everything goes, and that the victims don't mind it.

The dreadful, enjoyable moment was at hand.

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or Robert's Rendezvous With the Red-Handed Rovers.

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"NOW DIE, DOGS!" HE BELLOWED.

CHAPTER XI.

In the gig of the Baby Mine four picturesque pirates rowed Col. Crust and Robert to the Island. The pirate chief was hugging a mysterious brass-bound casket like a junior tool chest. It contained a hoard of mixed nails, bolts and screws, the fruits of many an outrage on the bounding billows.

The four members of the crew were blithe, as if they did not suspect the fate that was going to be socked to them.

"Dig here," hissed Col. Crust, indicating a likely place in the sand. Silently the four obeyed. As they dug Robert mused how useful they would be on the Panama canal job.

Col. Crust tenderly deposited the chest of treasure in the hole.

"Now die, dogs," he bellowed, drawing two huge double-barreled pistols, while Robert placed his fingers in his ears.

"Ping! Ping! Ping! Ping!" went the buccaneer's pistols. At each report one of the crew slapped his hands together to make a noise like a swat, and tumbled into the pit.

"Now you're dead!" Crust stated. "Come out while we bury you."

The pirates obeyed, although they had simulated corpses beautifully.

Crust made motions as if burying the chest, and then he and his four victims carried it off to the gig, and the last Robert saw of them they were rowing out to the Baby Mine.

Wouldn't it make you scream?

Robert was dazed by the perfidy of Col. Crust in hippodroming the slaughter of the sailors. He was also puzzled by the pirates' cold-blooded departure.

But Robert was marooned all right.

When the sun rose on the morn he was alone on the island and the pirate ship was nowhere to be seen.

(Continued.)

ENSLAVED BY A PIRATE

Or Robert's Rendezvous W ith the Red-Handed Revers.

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"FIVE DOLLARS, PLEASE," COL. CRUST ANNOUNCED.

CHAPTER XII.

Yes, Robert was entirely alone on the island.

Unless you count the fiddler crabs and the mosquitoes.

Robert was overjoyed at tit.

Robert was overjoyed at it. books," he murmured. "I will live here delightfully a few months, like Robinson Crusoe, and finally get back to civilization with a story to tell."

To begin the romantic existence of a marooned pirate he brought out a fishing line and began fishing.

At that moment a man sailed up in a catboat and hailed him indignantly.

"Hey, you! What yer doing here on this island? Don't you know it's posted? You get right off the property of the Mobile Merry Bachelors' Fishing Club. Beat it!"

Robert was inexpressibly shocked at such a harsh reception, which contrasted strangely with the hospitable treatment he had received at the hands of Col. Crust and the other pirates.

As there was no other way to get Robert off the island, the man, who was the scmp caretaker, took Robert to Mobile in his fishing boat. Mobile wasnt' far away, either.

There Robert was astonished to see the Baby Mine in port. But Robert did not want any more of the Baby Mine.

"Show me the way to the depot," our hero wailed. "I want to go home."

"One of them hacks will take you there," the surly watchman said.

"Keb, sir?" It was Col. Crust who spoke. But Robert was entirely through being surprised. As in a trance he entered the pirate's